

(132)

TYBURN's Courteous Invitation
TO
TITUS OATES.

OH! name it once again ; will *Titus* come ?
My dearest, hopeful, that long-wish'd-for One,
For whom my *Triple Arms* extended were,
(To hug with close Embraces) many a year.
Hast! hast! my choicest Darling, whom I love,
And thy long-promis'd kindness let me prove.
That *Right* Thou plead'st for, which indeed's thy due;
Though Others I've deny'd, I'll grant it You :
The World shall find I willingly will bear,
And dance thy Carcase 'twixt the Earth and Air.
In *Hemp'n-string* I'll lull thee fast asleep,
And prevent all the Dangers of the Deep.
Oh, how I love thee! 'cause I've heard thou'st been
So well acquainted with all kinds of Sin,
And, with a false and strange Religious Guise,
Destroy'd the *Innocent*, abus'd the *Wise*.
What crafty Lessons didst thou teach to men!
How to Rebel, and told the time best *when*;
Urg'd to Exclude a Right and Lawful Heir,
Unthrone a King, and swore away a Peer.
Thy Zeal through two-inch-Boards was plainly seen,
When *Satan* prompt thee t' swear against the QUEEN :
Besides those many guiltless Souls that dy'd
A Sacrifice to thy *Lucif'rian* Pride.
Yet, yet, beloved *Titus*, my dear Son,
(Reputed SAVIOUR, for thy Mercies shewn,)
There's something still does add to make the Great,
Thy *Blasphemy*, thy *Perjury*; and yet
With *Buggery* methinks I am well pleas'd,
Though done by force, for then thy Pocket's eas'd.
By many other Favours Thou hast shewn,
And well maist claim my Palace as thine own :
Thou'lt find me kinder far than Courtiers; I
Will never turn thee out until thou die:
And, since *White-hall* has left thee, I'll provide
That Lodging for Thee, where old *Noll* was ty'd.

E D I N B U R G H,
Re-printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Printer to
His Most Sacred Majesty: Anno DOM. 1684.